OPENDOORS
FILMS

THE PATRIOTS

TV MINISERIES

6 x 45"

Creator: David Akerman
Written by: David Akerman
Language: English, Hebrew
Producer: Yoav Halevy

About the Series:

The Patriots is a dramatic detective mini-series (based on a true story) which follows two detectives from the CID, as they investigate the mysterious disappearance of a Jewish boy. One of our detectives is Jewish, a hopeless opportunist addicted to gambling and loyal only to himself; the other is British, an enthusiastic young patriot, loyal to the empire and its values. Their investigation, full of twists and turns, leads them to an admired and tortured British war hero, who is about to find himself accused of a crime he may or may not have committed, a crime so heinous it shocked the British empire (and some say led to its evacuation of Palestine), a crime that would remain a mystery up until just a few years ago...

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1947. The British Mandate ruling Palestine on behalf of the League of Nations suffers a string of murderous attacks carried out by Jewish terrorist organizations. Most of the attacks come from the

Lehi, a Zionist paramilitary organization. The attacks, designed to hurt the symbols of the empire, claim the lives of dozens of British soldiers and policemen, and spread chaos and demoralization among the troops. Attempts b8y the British police to eradicate the Lehi prove unsuccessful. Each action brings its own cruel and bloody reaction...

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Full Synopsis:

The Beginning:

A British officer, wearing his worn-out war uniform, sinks to the bottom of the ocean. Despite his desperate attempts to swim up to the surface, he drowns. His mouth opens to scream—and he wakes up sweating on the narrow cot in his office. This is Major ROY ALEXANDER FARRAN, 35. One of his detectives has woken him up. “It’s happened again...”

The sun rises on Jerusalem. Farran faces an electric pole from which two British sergeants hang, dead. He knows one of them personally. He is frustrated to the point of tears, furious at himself for not preventing this. There’s a note attached to their uniform. He approaches and reads it: “Where is the boy?”

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Two Weeks Earlier:

Tuesday, May 6. ALEXANDER RUBOWITZ, 16, a gaunt, delicate Jewish boy, ends another day of work at his parents’ pharmacy in the Mea She’arim neighborhood of Jerusalem. He crosses the city streets with a quick pace, disappears down its alleyways. The hours pass, night falls, and Alexander does not come home. He has vanished off the face of the earth.

MIRIAM and YEHOSHUA RUBOWITZ, Alexander’s parents, who have been waiting for his return, start searching for their son in the British police stations in Jerusalem. There is no trace of him. No one has seen him. The British Palestine Police Force is quick to post an announcement, stating that they do not know the boy’s whereabouts, he is not in police custody. And yet, pictures of the boy on the front pages of newspapers, and signs asking “Where is the boy?” plastered on the city’s walls, will not allow this story to fade away. While the Jewish public is up in arms, demanding answers from the British, the Lehi organization kidnaps British sergeants, murders them and hangs them up around the city. A note pinned to their clothes reads: “Where is the boy?” The story cannot be silenced.

Brigadier BERNARD FERGUSSON, the Assistant Inspector-General of the British Palestine Police Force, realizes that, in order to calm the streets, he must begin an investigation, or at least maintain the appearance of one. For these purposes, he chooses two undistinguished detectives—the first is Sergeant GELBERMAN, 36, a Jewish detective from Tel Aviv, an opportunist bachelor with a gambling problem, who only wishes to get this unnecessary investigation over with so that he can return to Tel Aviv, where he owes some people a great deal of money. The second is Corporal EDWARD, 27, a patriotic British detective from a wealthy family, who has left a pregnant wife behind in order to follow the family calling—to valiantly serve the British empire and its values. Instead, he is stuck behind a desk, frustrated, dealing with bland and insignificant cases, watching his dream slip away. His requests for a transfer to the anti-terrorism unit have been rejected time and time again.

The meeting of two opposites creates an immediate rivalry. They despise each other. Edward thinks of Gelberman—the unmotivated, disloyal opportunist who would rather gamble and get drunk than work—as an embarrassment to the Palestine Police Force, and a prime example of its problems. Gelberman thinks of Edward as a spoiled child incapable of independent thought, a man who has never been forced to fight for anything in his entire life, and cannot see past the flag he serves. The two men, who share a mutual distrust, are tasked with taking on a hostile, suspicious Jewish society, working from within a police force embroiled in a war on terror, a war led by Major Roy Alexander Farran, who sits in his large, classified office, directly across the hall from the tiny office assigned to them at the police headquarters in Jerusalem.

Edward admires Farran. He sees him as a role model, the man chosen to head the anti-terrorism unit, a decorated officer recognized for his bravery in the Second World War. Farran is a modest man, calculated and daring. A real-life hero. Farran, who doesn't like the fact that the British empire is being accused of kidnapping a teenager, has ordered his unit to search for the boy, to uncover his fate. He promises to provide Gelberman and Edward with any assistance they might need.

While Farran and his unit try to locate the terrorist cell responsible for the destruction of British symbols, the two detectives attempt to track down the missing boy. They meet with the devastated family, who insist their son was kidnapped. They question the boy's friends, his teachers, his neighbors. At some point, they discover the boy was in a fight with his father, Yehoshua. It turns out that, on the day of the boy's disappearance, the father hit Alexander, after discovering he'd stolen money from their pharmacy's cash register. The tortured father never told his wife about this. He is burdened with guilt, wondering if he is the reason Alexander never came home on that fateful night. For Gelberman, who wants to put this investigation behind him and get back to Tel

Aviv, this is the answer—Alexander was rebelling against his parents. He declares the case closed, causing a terrible rift in the family.

Unfortunately for Gelberman, Yehoshua appears at the police headquarters with RACHEL, 26, a Jewish waitress (and Holocaust survivor) who works at the local café. Yehoshua, whose wife and children no longer speak to him, was asking around everywhere, when the introverted young woman walked into his pharmacy with her limp. She claims she saw a man in a suit and trilby hat fight Alexander and shove him into a car. She claims the man's hat fell off at the scene. She thinks a young orthodox man picked it up. She also remembers the car's license plate. Rachel admits she did not want to be involved in this, until she came across Yehoshua and saw him, broken down and tortured. She realized she could not keep quiet any longer. Rachel's testimony pits the two detectives against one another: While Edward, charmed by the young woman, wants to investigate this angle, Gelberman the cynic suspects that an interested party (the Lehi) is using her to cast suspicion on the British. And yet, he is sorry to find he cannot remain apathetic when faced with the broken-down father, a man whose destruction he personally aided. He feels he owes him this much.

At the scene, there are no more witnesses to be found. And Gelberman certainly has no intention of searching Jerusalem for one orthodox man, especially after discovering that the vehicle Rachel claims to have seen does not exist (not within the police department, or anywhere at all). There is no such license plate. Gelberman, who sees Edward falling for Rachel, decides to arrest her, going against Edward, who vehemently denies the growing intimacy between the two of them. Edward is unwilling to give up, and he stumbles upon a surprising discovery—he checked all police records for the license plate, and the same plate number was spotted and logged at a remote roadblock on a road leading from Jerusalem to the Judean Desert. This proves Rachel was not lying. The car does exist after all!

The two detectives, who at this point have begun to get to know each other and begrudgingly respect each other, make their way to the remote roadblock. The soldiers manning the roadblock remember the car in question. There were three British detectives inside, and another civilian, whom they did not recognize. Edward checks the names, but they do not exist. While Edward is sure these were imposters, Gelberman, the more experienced of the two, smells trouble—the kind of trouble he would like to avoid. He wipes the roadblock's records, as if the incident never happened. He thinks they better shut this case and forget about it before things get worse. But Edward, who wants to prove these were not British officers, refuses. He is only willing to close the case after they find the orthodox man who took the trilby hat; he is certain this will lead them to

the true identity of the kidnappers. Gelberman, who already understands they are about to expose a scandal that would be best left unknown, forces Edward to keep this information a secret from anyone but the two of them. He already knows, nothing good can come of this.

As the search for the young orthodox man continues, Edward and Rachel's romance grows so serious he believes the right and proper thing to do is to tell his wife back home about it. Gelberman is able to save Edward from himself. He is convinced that Rachel is trouble. He doesn't trust her. Rachel becomes another point of contention between the two men, this time out of genuine concern. Finally, with the help of Rachel's connections, they locate the young orthodox man. He tells the same story Rachel told them, and gives them the trilby hat he collected off the street. Inside the hat, which was clearly made in England, they are surprised to find a faded name that looks like "Farran."

Gelberman and Edward understand they've stumbled onto dangerous, explosive evidence. Gelberman is convinced this case is too big for them to handle. As far as he's concerned, this goes all the way to the top (unidentified cars, unregistered detectives). He believes revealing their findings would cause them damage. Edward is more concerned with the damage it would cause to the reputation of the police and the British Mandate in general. Gelberman continues to insist they must burn this evidence, mark the case as unsolved and move on with their lives, but Edward believes there must be a rational explanation. He refuses to believe that his hero, Farran, and his unit had anything to do with this story.

Going against Gelberman's position, Edward brings their findings to Assistant Inspector-General Fergusson, who is surprised. It is obvious to them that he knew nothing about this. Fergusson, horrified about the possible ramifications, summons Farran. He does not accuse him or his men of any crime. He is convinced there is some reasonable explanation for this. (Not to mention the fact that no one saw the Jewish boy in the car). Farran denies any connection to the hat or the incident. Edward is inclined to believe the man he admires. Gelberman, whose life as a compulsive gambler is a string of lies and half-truths, can tell that Farran is tense. He knows he's leading them astray. In a brilliant move, Gelberman lets him know that the young orthodox man got a good look at the man in the trilby hat. He is on his way down to the station to look at pictures. Only then does Farran agree to talk. But not before swearing them to secrecy.

Farran admits that he and his men were in fact driving from the city to the Judean Desert in the car in question, but it was part of an investigation of the terrorist cell responsible for murdering British sergeants. He admits that the fourth person in the car was Alexander, the Jewish boy. Alexander was one of his assets. He personally recruited him. He tells them Alexander was a runner for the

Lehi, and as such was exposed to important names and places. At the meeting in the desert, he promised Farran information that could lead them to the killers. The last time he saw Alexander was when they dropped him off back in the city. Farran is convinced the Lehi were on to him. He believes Alexander was killed by the Lehi, and in order to avoid the public's rage, they have diverted the blame onto the British. From the moment Alexander disappeared, Farran and his men have been searching for him. They weren't able to say anything about it, because they didn't want to burn him or any other person collaborating with the British. The information must remain classified. It cannot become public knowledge.

The detectives are once again in a bind. Gelberman isn't buying Farran's story. As far as he's concerned, he'd pursue this to the bitter end, but he knows that will come at a price. He also understands why Edward is sure this is the only logical explanation; any other explanation would completely undermine the young man's worldview. Gelberman feels for Edward. He hesitates, unsure whether to back off the case, when new information leads them to an abandoned structure, where they are kidnapped by members of the Lehi, led by the terrorist cell's commander, who demands to know what happened to Alexander. Edward accuses him; they know the Lehi is responsible for the boy's death. Gelberman, who has a clearer grasp of the situation, knows this is the end. They are about to be hanged. To the Lehi, after all, he is a traitor. In an unexpected move, the culmination of his transformation, Gelberman introduces himself as the one who is responsible for everything. He asks them to have mercy on his friend, whose wife is expecting a baby. Gelberman is willing to pay the price for the both of them. But the cell commander decides to let them both go free, though not before making it clear that the Lehi never laid a hand on Alexander. There's no way Alexander could have been an asset; he knew absolutely nothing. Alexander put up posters, that was the extent of his underground activities. The cell commander threatens them—he is giving them the opportunity to make things right, seek justice. If they don't, there will be consequences to pay. He reminds Edward of his affair with Rachel. She could pay the price too, if Edward makes the wrong choice. But Edward doesn't need this threat to realize that Farran led them astray...

To the surprise of the British forces, the two detectives are released unharmed. Their release raises suspicions. Gelberman finds himself questioned by internal affairs. His gambling comes up, along with his dubious contacts in the underworld. He doesn't need much to get the hint. As far as he's concerned, the story is over. Edward finds himself with Farran. It's a friendly, intimate meeting, during which Farran tells him about how he lost close friends to brutal terrorist attacks. He talks about widows and orphans, about the war on terror and how it demands a different approach. It is an existential, patriotic need. They are close to bringing down the cell responsible for the murders

of dozens of officers. He makes Edward the offer he's been waiting his entire adult life to hear—to come and be part of his anti-terrorism unit. Edward's dream seems to be coming true, and yet he also realizes Farran is trying to buy him off. For the first time, he realizes Farran is misleading him.

While Gelberman packs his things, Edward realizes Gelberman was right—he truly cannot see beyond the flag he serves. He knows Farran is guilty. His world has come crashing down on him. He has to do the right thing. On his way to Assistant Inspector-General Fergusson, to report his conclusions, he falls into an ambush. His body is found the next morning with a note pinned to it: "Where is the boy?"

Gelberman finds him. Out of his mind with rage, he hurries over to Rachel's house. She is too stunned to react, but he's not buying it. He's come to arrest her. He knows she's the brains behind the cell Farran has been searching for. She does not deny this. She tells him she was the one who recruited Alexander. He put up posters for the Lehi. She felt it was her responsibility to find out what happened to him. She swears, she did not give the order to have Edward killed. That was never part of the plan. She really did fall in love with him. She swears to Gelberman that the Lehi had nothing to do with his death. Gelberman believes her. He is now convinced that Farran is the man behind the murder, trying to shift the blame away from himself.

Gelberman changes his mind and submits a report to Assistant Inspector-General Fergusson, tying Roy Farran and his men to the kidnapping of the missing Jewish boy. He makes sure to leak the information to the press, but not before breaking the news to Alexander's father himself, redeeming him of his doubts and guilt. Gelberman swears he will do everything in his power to make sure Farran pays the price.

This local story becomes an international scandal, threatening to rattle the entire British empire, all while a special UN committee is visiting Palestine in order to submit a recommendation regarding the future of the Mandate. The top brass back in London is forced to come up with an explanation. Major Roy Farran, the adored patriotic war hero, who was sent to Palestine to fight the terrible wave of terrorism that claimed the lives of dozens of British men, will be forced to stand trial.

Farran, who realizes he is about to be sacrificed on the altar of political tranquility, is worried he will not receive a just trial, and decides to flee to Damascus. Gelberman is on his trail, and tracks him down. It is only then, face to face with Farran, that Gelberman learns the Lehi did murder Edward after all. Rachel's commander realized it was the only way they could force Gelberman to pick a side. The information sends him into a tailspin. Gelberman gives up. He disappears.

When Farran finds out his comrades are being murdered by the Lehi due to his escape, he decides to come back.

On October 1st, roughly five months after the boy's disappearance, Roy Farran's trial commences. The military court convenes at the Monastery of Saint Anthony in Jerusalem. Snipers are posted on rooftops surrounding the monastery. Dozens of reporters, both local and international, are checked twice before being admitted into the trial. The defendant is transported in an armored vehicle, guarded by soldiers from the Scottish division. Wearing a red beret and decorated with two rows of medals on his chest, Farran walks into the courtroom. He claims: "Not guilty." The absence of a body will determine the results of the trial. Within a day, and to the cheers of British policemen and soldiers, Roy Farran is acquitted due to lack of evidence. An armored vehicle takes him off to the airport, where he is flown to the Suez Canal so that he can board the SS Orduna and make his way back to Liverpool.

England. The morning of May 4th, 1948. The doorbell rings. Rex Farran, Roy's brother, opens the door. It's a young woman wearing a postal carrier uniform. Rex smiles. This is the first time he's seen her. Turns out she's new. She's got a package for Roy. Only now do we recognize her—it's Rachel. Rex takes the package from her. As he signs, he says he hopes to see her again. He walks into the house. On the table, among many bouquets of flowers sent to the house, we see the morning paper, calling Roy Farran a war hero who survived the inferno and has returned home a victor. In the background, we hear Rex open the package, which explodes.

Rachel is arrested before she can flee England. In the interrogation room, she is surprised to see Gelberman. He could have prevented the assassination attempt on Roy Farran's life, but he did not. As far as he is concerned, he only had her arrested for Edward's death.

Before Gelberman leaves England, he visits Edward's grave, who got to "achieve his dream" after all, and was buried a war hero.

When he returns to Israel, he visits Yehoshua's pharmacy to tell him about the revenge against Farran, but finds a broken-hearted man. All Yehoshua wanted was a proper burial for his son. He wanted his son to be buried next to him. He makes Gelberman swear to make sure this happens.

Gelberman becomes a private detective. Every year, he tries to get into the British archives, but is denied access. Roy Farran becomes a well-respected politician in Canada. Alexander's fate remains a mystery.

57 years later, after Roy Farran's death, Gelberman gets the access he was waiting for. In the archives in England, Gelberman reviews documents from the British colony. Among the documents,

he finds a deposition Roy Farran submitted to his commander, Fergusson, where he reported that he killed Alexander Rubowitz as they were traveling from Jerusalem toward Jericho. Farran tortured the victim, hoping he would give him information on the underground. After Rubowitz was murdered, they stripped him of his clothes and burned them. The victim's body was tossed to the side of the road.

Gelberman, who never forgot the promise he made to Yehoshua, initiates several searches using the Israeli army's MIA Location Unit. To this day, Alexander's body has not been found.

To Gelberman's deep sorrow, the plot beside the father's grave remains empty.

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Chronicle of a Death Foretold:


היכן הצעיר
אלכסנדר רובוביץ

The year was 1947. The underground's actions against the British were ramping up. Less than a year after the bombing of the King David Hotel, the country suffered dozens of terrorist shootings, explosives and mines. Representatives of his royal highness in the Land of Israel decided to establish a special anti-terrorism unit. The idea was for its members to look and behave like the underground. "The goal was not to respond with terrorism," Bernard Fergusson, Assistant Inspector-General of the British Palestine Police Force at the time, would later write in his book. "But rather to give the criminals a bloody nose."

Fergusson was a man with a past. Second-in-command to William Nicol Gray. For his mission, Fergusson requested 26-year-old Roy Farran, a man with a past of his own. In the Second World War, he had taken part in battles in North Africa, France and Italy. "They say he had 54 notches on his rifle." In little time, Farran and his men were equipped with clothes "in the style young Jews would wear," cars, communication devices, and a "carte blanche" to hunt terrorists.

Alexander Rubowitz, "Sonny" to his family, was the youngest child in the Rubowitz family. His father was a pharmacist, one in a long line of pharmacists, with their own pharmacy in Jerusalem. Even his immediate family had no idea Alexander was putting up posters for the Lehi. Alexander rejected any attempt at getting him to stop. "I've sworn loyalty to the Lehi, I can't violate my oath." He added, "I'm very sorry that I don't have a nice singing voice. If they sentence me to death and I am forced to sing *HaTikva* (the Israeli anthem), it won't sound very pretty." By November of 1946, he was the

leader of a cell, with nine boys under his command. He was making a name for himself. Alexander's cell was known to put up more posters than any other in Jerusalem.

Two days after the Acre prison break, on May 6th, 1947, Alexander had no tasks at hand, but a young woman who was supposed to be putting up posters on Kakal Street was running late. Alexander, losing his patience, asked his commander if he could go instead. At around 6:30PM, he told his mother he was going to see a friend. Armed with a brush, a tub of glue and posters, he left his home at 23 David Yellin Street, and left heading toward Osishkin Street.

At that time, Roy Farran and four of his men were looking for suspects in Jerusalem. At around 8PM, they got what they wanted. The posters, which were sticking out of Alexander's coat, drew their attention. They chased after him. Rubowitz tried to escape, but was caught and pushed into car number 993, beaten on the head. Three boys heard him yelling and saw the car flee the scene. That was the last time Alexander Rubowitz was seen alive.

A short while later, a Yeshiva boy came across a hat. It turned out to be a gray trilby hat left by one of the kidnappers at the scene. The boy put it away at the "Igra" synagogue, set the hat on a bookshelf, and resumed his studies. Meanwhile, the car sped out of Jerusalem, headed toward Jericho. The activity log for the Jericho roadblock showed that, at 9:20PM and 11:59PM, police vehicle number M491 came through. The name of the driver, according to the log, was "Farrand."

The next morning, since he had not come home, Alexander's brothers went to the police and reported him missing. The British police denied having a boy in custody by the name of Alexander Rubowitz. It also denied the family's request to mention the missing boy's details over the radio. When the family saw the police investigation was going nowhere, they put out an ad in the newspaper about a missing boy, skinny, tall, wearing a blue beret, long khakis and glasses, to see if anyone knew anything about his whereabouts. The Yeshiva boy who found the hat saw the ad.

"Mr. Kaminetzky has the kidnapper's hat," the boy wrote in a note he left at the doorstep of Yakov, Alexander's brother. The brothers found a name written in ink on the leather strap lining the inside of the trilby hat, but a stain had rendered one of the letters illegible. Who owned this hat? Farran? Farkan? The hat was handed over to the police, but instead of looking into it, they cast it aside. Only three days after learning of the incident did Fergusson report it to Inspector General Gray.

Gray, meanwhile, decided to suspend the investigation into the disappearance of Rubowitz. He wanted to give precedence to Lehi documents with 45 names, obtained by Farran (later these would turn out to be donors, not members). His arrest, Gray worried, would hurt morale, especially since the Lehi had just recently murdered two British policemen. Farran, worried about being put

on trial, fled with two of his sergeants to Damascus, and from there traveled to Aleppo. Fergusson followed Farran, to convince him to return to Jerusalem. They got into a confrontation. Farran turned out to be aggressive, militant. His commander responded with a stark patriotic speech. At a certain point, the sergeants, who had been standing to the side, were sick of this. “Shall we finish him now, sir?” they asked Farran. Only when the sunrise sent beams of common sense into his alcoholic mind did Roy Farran agree to return. They took off from Aleppo, but due to bad weather were forced to land in Damascus.

The Syrians, who had heard about what Farran had done, greeted him as a hero, offered him a place in their army, training soldiers in anti-terrorism. While Farran was considering the Syrian offer, the press began to realize it was his trilby hat found at the kidnapping site. At first, the news popped up in international papers, which were not subjected to the British Mandate’s censorship. The Hebrew press soon followed.

Meanwhile, in Jerusalem, the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine convened to present the UN with its recommendations for the future of the Mandate. Due to the critical timing, the story of the missing boy reached Prime Minister Attlee. A document found in the British archive and signed CRA (Clement Richard Attlee) reads: “I do not understand why this important incident was not reported in due time. Unless you have an explanation, we must demand an explanation from the High Commissioner.” The Prime Minister had written this to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Arthur Creech Jones.

On June 17th, at 9AM, Major Farran crossed the border into Palestine and was placed in the custody of the British army. At 1:30PM he reported to the Allenby base in Jerusalem. At 3PM, he was transferred to police custody, and charged with premeditated murder. Two guards were posted to make sure he “was not allowed to leave the premises of the building he was held in.”

On June 19th, at 8PM, the prisoner requested to go to the bathroom, and discovered it led out to the yard. He hopped the base fence, walked past roadblocks, got away from Jerusalem, crossed the Jordan river, and almost made it to the Hejaz region of Saudi Arabia. In his book, Farran would later explain he acted out of pure instinct, “Just as I did when I escaped the Germans in Greece.”

After his escape, the Lehi opened fire. In terrorist attacks in Tel Aviv and Haifa, three British soldiers were killed. One of them was a close friend of the fugitive major. Farran took the news hard. Within twenty-four hours, he reported back to the gate of the Allenby base and let the officer on duty know: “I am major Farran, and I’ve come to surrender myself to the army.”

On October 1st, roughly five months after the kidnapping and murder, Roy Farran's trial commenced. The military court convened at the Monastery of Saint Anthony in Jerusalem. Snipers were posted on rooftops surrounding the monastery. Dozens of reporters, both local and international, were checked twice before being admitted into the trial. The defendant was transported in an armored vehicle, guarded by soldiers from the Scottish division.

Wearing a red beret and decorated with two rows of medals on his chest, Farran walked into the courtroom. He claimed: "Not guilty." The first witness called to the stand was Yakov Rubowitz, the victim's brother. He told the court about the trilby hat. However, in the time that had passed, the letters on the leather strap had worn off. The defense claimed there were other people named "Farran" in Jerusalem, that a body was never found, and that Farran was never picked out of a lineup.

Farran was acquitted due to lack of evidence. An armored vehicle escorted him to the airport, where he was flown to the Suez Canal so that he could board the SS Orduna and make his way back to Liverpool.

On May 3rd, 1948, nearly a year had passed since Alexander Rubowitz disappeared. Mary Farran, Roy's mother, left her home in Wolverhampton. The mailman approached her and said kindly, "I have nothing for you, unfortunately, just a package." Mary continued on her way. Her sons, Rex and Keith, who were home at the time, received the package. As she waited at the bus stop, the air around her was blown to pieces.

Keith, who was upstairs, was thrown clear across the room by the blast, but emerged unharmed. He hurried downstairs to find his brother Rex on the floor, his stomach shredded. The blast stopped the clocks in the dining room at 8:10AM. Two hours later, Rex Farran died of his injuries. His last words, according to Keith, were, "Was I brave enough to earn the name Farran?" The target of the explosive device, Roy Farran, was in Glasgow that morning, at the construction company where he was working at the time. When news reached him, he went home immediately, but his brother was no longer alive.

Weeks after his brother's murder, Farran left Britain. He moved to Rhodesia in southern Africa, and from there to Calgary, in western Canada. He ran a successful local paper, was elected to the city council and later to the local government, and eventually became the solicitor general. In all those years, he refused to give any interviews, and continued to deny any involvement in the murder. He died at the age of 85, taking to his grave the secret of the spot where Alexander Rubowitz's body was dumped.

In the year 2005, documents from the office of the British Secretary of State for the Colonies were declassified. The documents included a deposition Roy Farran had submitted to his commander, Bernard Fergusson, where he reported laconically that he "took things one step too far..." He confessed to killing Rubowitz on a drive from Jerusalem to Jericho. Farran tortured the victim, hoping to get information out of him about the underground, but Rubowitz kept silent. Farran, frustrated, bashed his head in with a rock. After the murder, his clothes were stripped and burned. The victim's body was tossed on the side of the road, never to be found.

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